

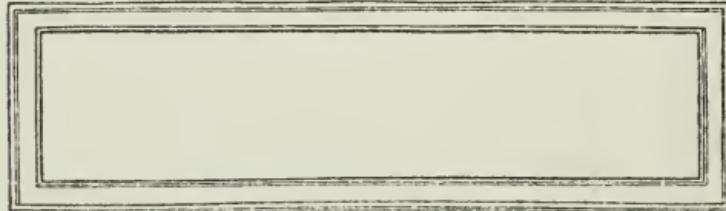
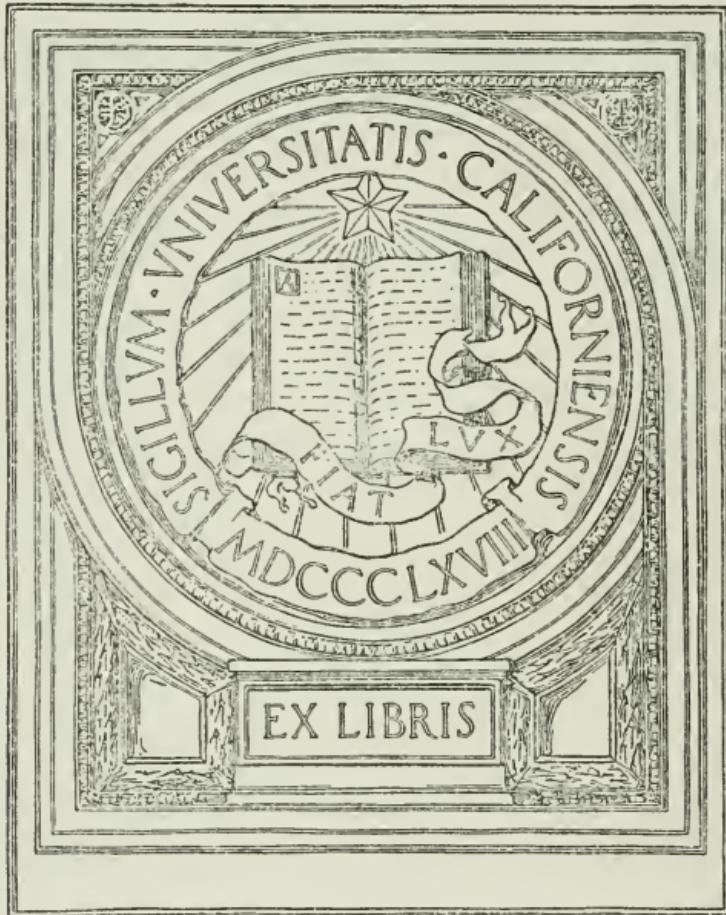
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LOS ANGELES



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Davies & John

EPIGRAMMES

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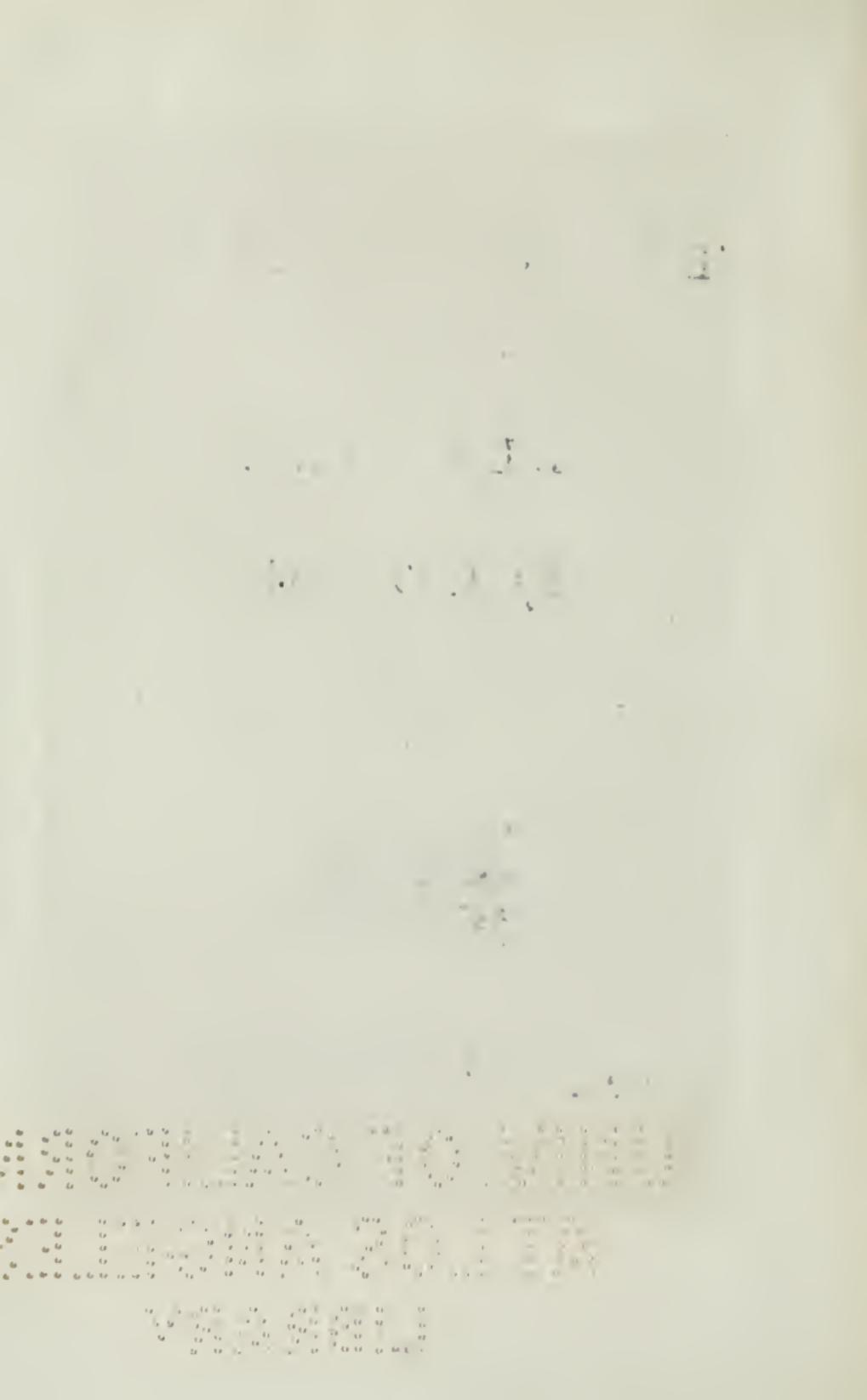
ELEGIES.

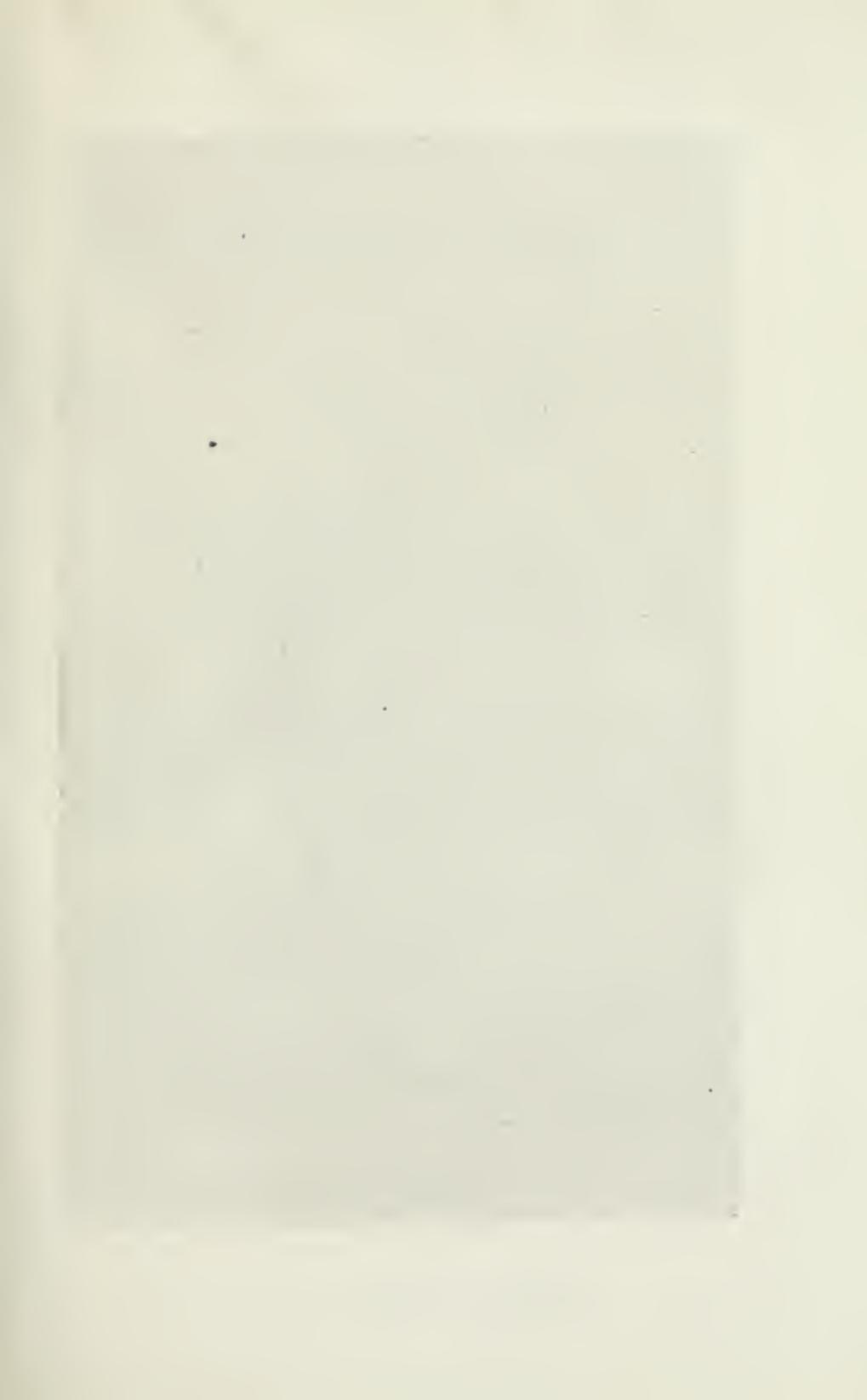
By I. D. and

C. M.



At Middleborough.





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Epigrammata prima

Ad Musam. I

Flie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, revel, and triumphs see
The house of fame, and theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirites loue to be.

Fall in betwene their hands that praise and loue thee
And be to them a laughter and a iest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprooue thee,
Disdaine their wittes, and thinke thine owne the best.

But if thou find any so grosse and dull,
That thinke I do to priuate taxing leane,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme doth meane:
Which taxeth vnder a particular name,
A generall vice that merites publike blame.

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Of a Gull. 2

OF in my laughing rimes I name a gull,
But this new terme will many questions breedc;
Therefore at first I will expresse at full
vwho is a true and perfect gull indeede.

A gull is he who feares a veleret gowne,
And when a wench is braue,dares not speake to her:
A gull is he which trauerseth the towne,
And is for mariage knowne a common wooer.

A gull is he,which while he proudly weares
A siluer hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lies and knockes about the eares,
whilst in his sheathe his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which weares good hansom cloathes,
And stands in presence stroking vp his haire,
And filleth vp his vnperfect speech with othes,
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare:
Put to define a gull in termes precise,
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rufus 3

Rufus the Courtier at the theatre,
Leauing the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transfer,
Or through a grate doth shew his doubtfull face.

For that the clamorous frie of lynes of court,
Filles vp the priuate roomes of greater pris:
And such a place where all may haue refort,
He in his singularitie doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shunne,
The common stews and brothels of the towne,
Though all the world in troupes do thither runne,
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre
A common scate that loues a common whore.

In Quintum 4

Quintus the Dauncer vsch euermore,
His feete in measure and in rule to moue,
Yet on a time he calld his Mistris whore,
And thought with that wechte word to win her loue:
Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,
It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

Scarfe were they settled in their l^dging, when
wenches with wenchies, men with men fell out:
Men with their wenchies, wenchies with their men,
which strait dissolves this ill assembled rowe.

But since the diuell brought them thus together,
To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,
why pretely a soone as they came thither,
The selfe same diuel did them part asunder:

Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish devill,
That thus would part them ere they did some euill.

In Tuum. 6

Titus the braue and valorous yong gallant
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene,
Yet my lord Chancellors toome he hath not seene,
Nor the new water-worke, nor the elephant,
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

In

In Faustum 7

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To euery place about the towne doth ride,
Herides into the fieldes Playes to behold,
He rides to take boate at the water side,
Herides to Poules, he rides to th'ordinarie,
Herides vnto the house of bawderie too,
Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum 8

Kate being please, wisht that her pleasure could
Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth:
For no buffe ierkin hath bin oftner worne,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

In Librum 9

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liude
Since he hath beene in towne, 7 yeeres and more,
For that he sweares he hath foure onely swiude,
A maide, a wife, a widow, and a whore:
Then I liber thou hast swiude all women kinde,
For a fist sort I know thou canst not finde.

In Medontem. 10

Great captaine Medon weares a chaine of gold,
which at ffe hundred crownes is valedwed,
For that it was his gransires chaine of olde,
when great king Henry Boloigne conquered:

And weare it Medon,for it may ensue,
That thou by vertue of this massy chaine,
A stronger towne then Boloigne maist subdued,
If wise men sawes be not reputed vaine:
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
The e is no castle so well fortified,
But if an alle laden wiþ golde comes on,
The garde wil stoope, and gates flic open wide.

In Gellam. 11

Gella,if thou dost loue thy selfe,take heede
Lest thou my rimes vnto thy louer reede,
For strait thou grinst, and then thy louer seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gummes, and rotten teeth.

In Quintum. 12

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,
And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,
Dabled in the durt, and soaked in the raine:
Doubtlesse his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

In Scuerus 13

The paritane Scuerus oft doth read,
Thus text that doth pronounce vaine speach a sinne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in : .
Hence is it that we seldom heare him sweare,
And thereof like a Pharisie he vauntes,
But he deuours more capons in a yeare,
Then would suffise a hundred protestants :
And sooth, thole settaries are gluttons all,
As wel the thred. bare Cobler as the Knight,
For those poore slaues which haue not wherwithal,
Feede on the rich till they deuoure them quite:
And so like Pharoes kine they eate vp cleane,
Those that be fat, yet still themselues be leane.

In Leucam 14

Leuca in presence once a fart did lett,
Some laught a little, she fofooke the place,
And mad with shame, did eke her gloue forget,
Which she returnde to fetch with bashfull grace :
And when she would haue said, this is my gloue,
My fart (quoth she) which did more laughte moue.

In Macrum 15

Thou canst not speake yet Macer, for to speake,
Is to distinguish soundes significant,
Thou with harsh noyse the aire doſt rudely breake,
But what thou vitterest common ſence doth want:
Haffe English words, with fuftian tearmes among,
Much like the burthen of a northern ſong.

In Faſtum 16

That youth ſaith Faſtus hath a lion ſcene,
Who from a dicing house comes monilesſe,
But when he lost his haire, where had he beeſe,
I doubt me he had ſcene a lionelle.

In Coſmum 17

Coſmus hath more diſcourſing in hiſ head,
Then loue, when Pallas iſſued from hiſ braine,
And ſtill he ſtriuſe to be deliuereſ
Of all hiſ thoughts at once, but all in vaine:
For as we ſee at all the play-houſe dooreſ,
When ended is the play, the daunce, and ſong,
A thouſand townſmen, gentlemen, and whores,

Potters and scruingmen togither throng,
So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, warre,
And borrowing money raging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward aie,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

In Flaccum 18

The false knaue Flaccus once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue,
But hee gaue backe my bribe, he more foole he,
That for my folly did not colen me.

In Cineas 19

I bou dogged Cineas hated like a dogge,
For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge,
Comparst thy selfe to nothing but a dogge:
Thou saist thou art as wearie as a dogge,
As angric, sicke, and hungrie as a dogge,
As dull and melancholy as a dogge,
As lazie, sleepie, idle as a dogge,
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?
In that for wh:ch all men despise a dogge,
I will compare thee better to a dogge:

Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
Thou art as true and honest as a dogge,
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge:

But Cineas, I haue oft heard thee tell
Thou art as like thy father as may be,
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to mee.

In Gerontem. 20

Ger on whose mouldie memorie correctis,
Old Hollinshed our famous chronicler,
VVith mottall rules, and pollicie collects
Out of all actions doo ne thus fourscore yeare,
Accounts the times of euerie odde euent,
Not from christis birth, nor from the princes raigne
But from some other famous accident,
VVhich in mens generall notise doth remaine,
The siege of Bulloigne, and the plaguie sweat,
The going to saint Quintines and new Hauen,
The rising in the North, the frost so great,
That cartwheele printes on Thamess face were seen,
The fall of Money, & burning of Paules steeple,
The blazing starre, and Spaniards overthrow:
By these euentis notorious to the people
He measures times, and things forepast doth shew.

But most of all he chiefly reckons by
A priuate chance, the death of his curst wife,
This is to him the dearest memorie,
And th' happiest accident of all his life.

In Marcum. 21

when Marcus comes from Mias, he still doth sweare
By, come a seauen, that all is lost and gone,
But that's no't true, for he hath lost his haire,
Only for that hee came too much at one.

In Ciprium. 22

The fine yowth Ciprius is more tierse and neate,
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this,
He weares a hat now of the flat crowne blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French,
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench,
Yet this new-fangled youth made for these times,
Doth aboue all prayse old Gascoines times.

In Cineam 23

When Cineas comes amongst his frinds in morning,
He slyly lookes who first his Cap doth mooue,
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for euer they had lost his loue:

I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my Cap, but mooue it not a whit:
Which perciuing he seems for spite to burst:
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quallitic,
For vault, and daunce, and fence, and rime I can,
You keepe a whore at your own charge men tel me,
In dede friend Cineas, therein you excell me.

In Gallum 24

Gallus hath beene this Sommertime in Frizeland,
And now returnd he speakes such warlike wordes,
As if I could their English vnderstand.
I feare me they would cut my throate like swordes.

He talkes of counter scarphe, and casomates,
Of parapets of curteneyes and Palizadois,
Of Flankers, Rauelings, gabion: he prates,
And of false brayes and sallyes and scaladois:

But

But to requite such gulling termes as these,
With wordes of my profession I reply,
I tell of foorching, vouchers, counter pleas,
Of whither names esloynes and chancie partie,
So neither of vs vnder standing either,
We part as wise as when we came together.

In Decium 25

Audacious Painters haue nine woorthies made,
But Poet Decius more Audacious farre,
Making his Mistris march with men of warre,
With title of tenth woorthy doth her laide
Me thinkes that Gull did vse his termes as fit,
Whichternd his loue a Giant for his wit.

In Gellum 26

If Gellas bewtie be examined,
She hath a dull dead eye, a sadle nose,
An ill shapte face, with Morpheu ouerspred,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing showes,
Breefly, she is the filthist wench in towne,
Of all that doth the art of whoring vse,
But when she hath put on her sattin gowne,
Hir out lawne apron and hir velvet shooes,

C

Hir greene silke stockings, and hir peticoate
Of taffatice, with golden fringe arounde,
And is withall perfumed with Ciuet hot,
Which doth hir valiant stinking breath confound.
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweete, filthie, faine, ilfauoted whore.

In Silla. 27

Silla is often chalengd to the field,
To answere like a Gentleman his foes,
But then doth he this only answere yeeld,
That he hath liuings and faire lands to lose :
Silla, if none but beggers valiant were,
The King of Spaine would put vs all in feare.

In Silla. 28

Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight ?
When I dare sware he dares aduenture more
then the most braue, and most al-daring wight,
that euer armes whith resolution bore,
He that dare touch the most vnholsome whore,
that euer was retirde into the spittle,
And dares court wenches standing at a dore,
The portion of his wit being passing little.

He that dares giue his dearest friend offences,
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do,
And when a feuer doth confound his sensess,
Dare eate raw biefe and drinke strong winc thereto.

Hethat dares take Tabaco on the stage,
Dares man a whore at noon-day through the strees
Dares daunce in Poules, and in this formall age,
Dares say and doe what euer is vnmeetee,
VVhom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,
VVho dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?

In Haywodum. 29

Haywood which did in Epigrams excell,
Is now put down since my light muse arose,
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a Schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.

In Dacum. 30

Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he never make an English rime,
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
VVhich haue beeene spoken many a hundredth time,
The man that keepes the Elephant hath one,
VVherein he tels the wonders of the beast,

An other Banks pronounced long a goe,
VVhen he his curtailes qualties exprest.
He first taught him that keepes the monumentes
At VVestminster his formall tale to say,
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the Ape doth play:
Though all his Poetic be like to this,
Amongst the Poets Dacus numbered is.

In Priscum. 31

VVhen Priscus rais'd from low to high estate,
Rode through the streetes in pompous iollitic,
Caius his poore familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus: Sir now you know not me,
Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,
For at this time my selfe I doe not know.

In Brunum. 32

Brunus which thinkes himselfe a faire sweete youth,
Is thirtie nine yeares of age at least,
Yet was he neuer to confesse the truth,
But a drie statueling when he was at best:
This Gull was sickle to shew his night cap fine,
And his wrought pillow overspred with lawne,
But hath been well since his grieses cause hath lene
At Trottups by Saint Clements Church in pawne.

In Francum. 33

VWhen Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himselfe starke naked,
For his lust sleepes and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench it be awaked:
I enuie him not, but wish I had the powre,
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe howre.

In Castorem. 34

Of speaking well why doe we learme the skill,
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,
With railing Castor dath by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

In Septimum. 35

Septimus liues, and is like Garlike seene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene,
This olde mad coult deserue a Martyrs pralise,
For he was burned in Queene Maries daies.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe singes,
Moly the gods most soueraigne herbe diuine.
Nepenthe Heuens drinke which gladnes brings,
Harts griefe expels, and doth the wits refine:

But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herbe of heauenly power is
Moly is not so soueraigne for a wound, (brought
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders brought.

It is Tabacco, whose sweete substantiall fume
the hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing downe and drying vp the rume,
The mother and the nurse of each disease,

It is Tabaco which doth colde expell,
And cleeres the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threatening death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomackes crudities:

It is Tabacco which hath power to clarifie,
The cloudy mistes before dimi eies appearing,
It is Tabaco which hath power to rarefie,
The thicke grosse humor which doth stop the hearing

The wasting Hecticke and the quartane feuer,
VVhich doth of Physicke make a mockerie,
The goute it cures, and helpes ill breaths for euer,
VWhether the cause in tooth or stomacke be.

And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that medicine it dooth farre excell,
Whiche by sir Thomas More hath bin propounded,
For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell,
O that I were one of these mountybankes, (sell,
Whiche praise their oyles, and powders which they
My customers would giue me coyne with thankes,
I for this ware so smooth a tale woulde tell:

Yet woulde I vse none of those termes before,
I woulde bat say, that it the Pox will cure:
This were enough without discoursing more,
All our braue Gallants in the towne t'allure.

In Crassum. 37

Crassus his lies are not pernicious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtfull vnto none
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,
to tell for truth, that which for false is knowne:
He swares that Gaunt is threescore miles about,
And that the bridge at Paris on the Seine,
Is of such thicknes, length, and breadth, throughout
That sixscore arches can it scarce sustaine,
He swares he saw so great a dead mans scull,
At Canterbury digg'd out of the ground,

that would containe of wheate three bushels ful,
And that in Kent are twentie yeomen found,
Of which the pooreſt every yeaſc dispends
Five thouſand pound: theſe & five thouſand moe
So oft he hath recited to his friends,
that nowe himſelfe periwades himſelfe tis ſo:
But why doth Craſus tell his lies ſo rife,
Of bridges, townes, and things that haue no life?
Hee is a lawyer, and doth well eſpie,
that for ſuch lies an action wil not lie.

In Philonem. 38

Philo the Gentleman and the fortune-teller,
the Schoolemaſter, the midwife, and the baude,
the coniurer, the buyer and the ſeller,
Of painting, which with breathing will be thawde,
Doth praſtice Phisicke, and his credite growes,
As doth the ballad-singers auditorie,
Which hath at temple-Barre his ſtanding chose,
And to the vulgar ſings an ale-house ſtorie.
First stands a Porter, then an oysterwife
Doth ſtint her cry, and stay her ſteps to heare him,
then comes a cut-purſe readie with his knife,
And then a countrey clent presseth neere him,
there stands the coſtable, there stands the whore,
And heakening to the ſong, marke not ech other.
These

There by the Sergant stands the debter poore,
And doth no more mistrust him then his brother,
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giueth musick,
And Philo to such Patients giueth phisick.

In Fuscum. 39

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of lite that hee doth leade,
Hees like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth alwaies in the selfesame circle treade:

First he doth rise at ten, and at eleuen
He goes to Gilles, where he doth eate til one,
Then sees a play till sixe, and suppes at seauen,
And after supper straight to bed is gone,
And there till tenne next day he doth remaine,
And then he dines, then sees a Commedie,
And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe,
Thus rounde he runnes without varietie,
Sauue that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falles into a whore house by the way.

D

In Afrum. 40

The smel feast Afer travailles to the Burse
Twise euyt day the flying newes to heare,
Whiche when he hath no syony in his pulse,
To rich mens tables he doth often eare:

He tel how Groragen is taken in
By the braue condic^te of illustrieus Vere,
And how the spaynifh forces i rell would winne,
But that they do vicitrious Norris feare:

No sooner is a shipp at sea surprisde,
But straight he leaines the newes and doth disclose it
No sooner hath the Turke a plot deuidde
To conquerie Christendom, but straight he knows it,
Faure written in a scroule he hath the names
Cf all the widowes which the plague hath made,
And persons, tittes, and places still he frames
To every tale, the better to pesswade:
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slau^e
Will eate as fast as he will viter lies,
For Fame is said a hundred mouthies to haue,
And he eates more then would fwe score suffice.

In Paulum. 41

By lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enye fortunate,
Derives out of the Oceans so much wealth,
As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,
But on the land a littie gulf there is,
VVherein he drowneth all this wealth of his.

In Lycum. 42

Lycus which lately is to Venus gone,
Shall if he doe returne, gaine threc or one,
But tenne to one, his knowledge and his witte,
VVill not be bettered nor increasde a whit.

In Publum. 43

Publius student at the common law,
Oft leaves his booke, and for his recreation,
To parish garden doth himselfe withdraw,
VVhere he is rauisht with such delectation,
As downe amongst the dogges and beares he goes,
VVhere whiles he skipping cries to head to head,
His satten doublet and his veluet hose,
Are all with spittle from aboue bespread.

Then is he like his fathers country Hall,
Stinking with dogges, and mured all with hawkes,
And rightly too, on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his booke forsake,
Leauing old Ploydene, Diar, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sakersone.

In Sillam 44

When I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou Sylla seemest forthwith to be offended,
And holdest the contrarie and sweares he can:
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art changde, and sayst thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife,
Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum 45

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Tearmes his loues beautie silent eloquence,
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then euer Tully vsde his speech to grace.

In Marcum 46

o

Why doſt thou Marcus in thy miserie,
Raile and blaſphemē, and call the heauens vnkinde,
The heauens do owe no kindneſſe vnto thee,
Thou haſt the heauens ſo little in thy minde:
For in thy life thou neuer uſed prayer,
But at Primero, to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47

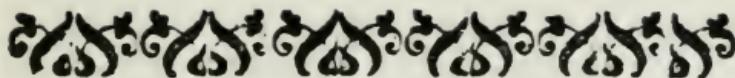
See yonder melancholy Gentleman,
VVhich hoodwinck'd with his hat, alone doth ſit,
Thinke what he thinkes, and tel me if you can,
VVhat great affaires troubles his little wit:
He thinkes not of the warre twixt France & Spain,
VVhether it be for Europeſ good or illi,
Nor whether the Empire can it ſelue maintaine
Againſt the Turkish powre encroaching ſtill.
Nor what great towne in all the nether lands,
The ſtates determine to beſiege this ſpring,
Nor how the Scottiſh pollicie now standes,
Nor what becomes of th'Iriſh mutining:
But he doth ſeriouslie bethinke him whether
Of the guld people he be more eſteemde,
For his long cloake, or for his great blacke feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deemde.

Or of a Iourney he deliberates,
To Paris garden cock-pit, or the play,
Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
Or what ne shal vnto his mistris say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit
To be of counsell with a King for wit.

Ad Musam 48

Pease idle Muse, haue done, for it is time,
Since lowsy Ponticus enuies my fame,
And sweares the better sort are much to blame,
To make me so well knowne for so ill rime,
Yet Banks his horse is better knowne then hee,
So are the camels and the welterne bogge,
And so is Lepidus his printed dogge,
VVhy doth not Ponticus their fames enuie,
Besides this Muse of mine, and the blacke feather,
Grew both togither fresh in estimation,
And both growne stale, were cast away together,
VVhat fame is this that scarce last out a fathion :
Onely this last in credite doth remaine,
That from hence forth each bastard cast forth
Which doth but sauour of a libell vaine, (time,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime.
So dull! and with so little sence endude,
Is my grose headed iudge, the multitude.

FINIS. J.D.



IGNOTO.

I loue thee not for sacred chasteitie,
Who loues for that? nor for thy sprightly wit,
I loue thee not for thy sweete modestie,
Which makes thee in perfections throeane to sic.

I loue thee not for thy inchaunting eye,
Thy beawty rauishing perfection,
I loue thee not for vnauct luxurie,
Nor for thy bodies faire proportion.

I loue thee not for that my soule doth daunce,
And leape with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Give muscall and gracefull utterance,
To some (by thee made happy) Poets line.

I loue thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? faire sweete for all.

Faith (wench) I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the bace viall plac'd betweene my thyghs,
I cannot lispe nor to some fidel sing,
Nor runne vpon a high streccht minikin.

I cannot whine in puling Elegies,
Intombing Cupid with sad obsequies,
I am not fashiond for these amorous times,
To court thy beawtie with lasciuious times:
I cannot dally, caper, daunce, and sing,
Oyling my saint with supple sonnetting.
I cannot crosse my armes or sigh ay me,
Ay me forlorne ? egregious foppety,
I cannot busse thy fist, play with thy haire,
Swearing by loue thou art most debonaire:
Not I by God, but shal I tell thee roundly, (soundly.
Harke in thine eare, Zoundes I can () thee

Sweete wench I loue thee, yet I will not sue,
Or shew my loue as muskie Courtiers doe,
I'le not carouse a health to honor thee,
In this same bezling drunken curtesie,
And when alls quaf'd, eate vp my bowsing glasse,
In glory that I am thy seruile Asse,
Nor will I weare a rotten Bourbon lock,
As some sworne pesant to a female smock.
VVell featurde lasse, thou knowest I loue thee deare,
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine eare:
To hang thy durtie silken shooties thear.
Nor for thy loue wil I once gnash a bricke,
Or some pied coulers in my bonet sticke:
But by the chappes of hell to doe thee good,
I'le freely spende my thrise decocted blood.

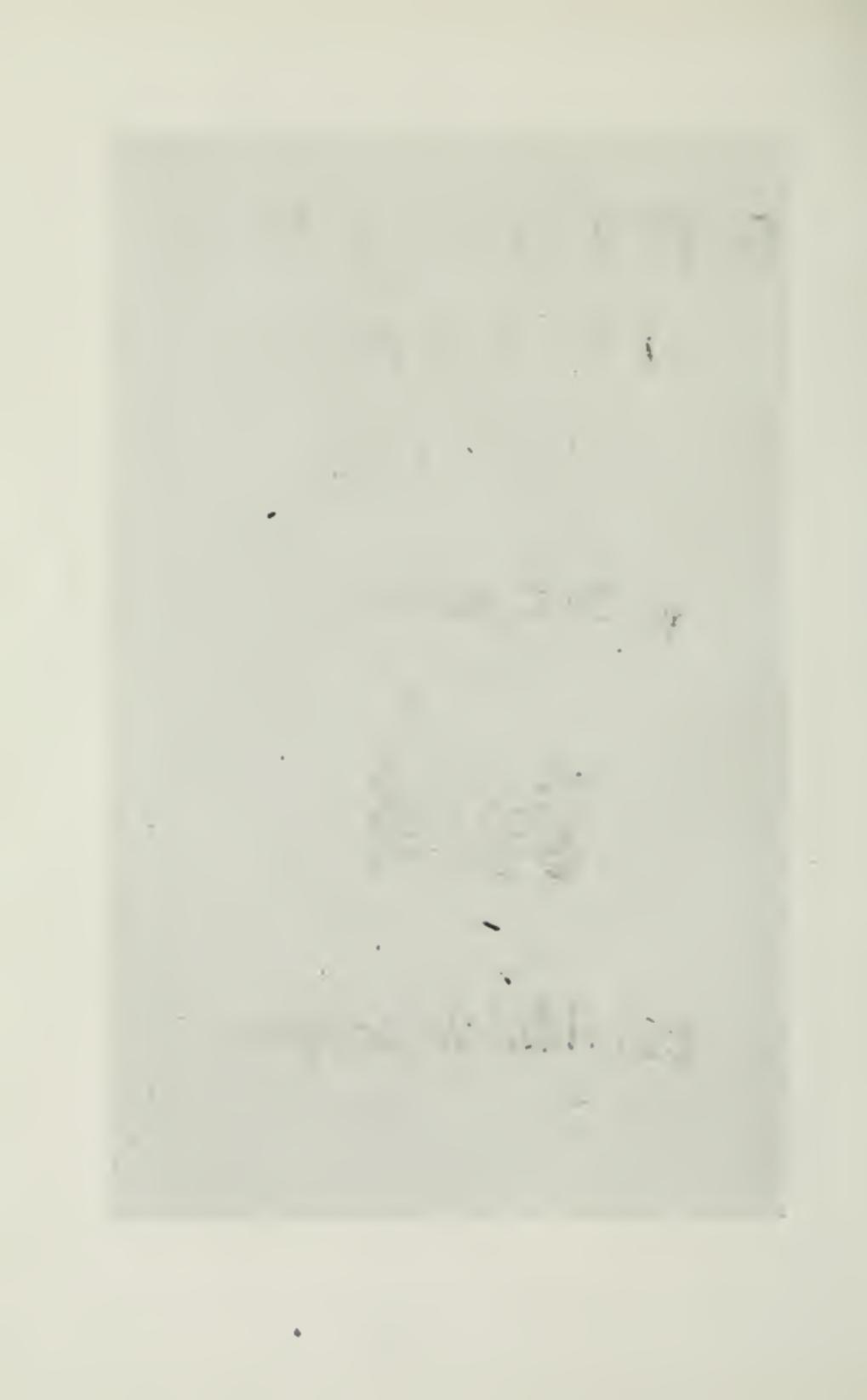
F I N I S.

C E R T A I N E
O F O V I D S
E L E G I E S.

By C. Marlow.



At Middleborough.





Amorum lib. i. Elegia i.

*Quemadmodum à Cupidine, pro bell.
amores scribere coactus sit.*

WE which were Ouids fwe books, now are three
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading fwe thou plainst of tediousnesse,
Two tane away thy labor will be leffe:
With muse vpreard I meane to sing of armes,
Choosing a subiect fit for feirle alarmes:
Both verles were alike till loue (men say)
Began to smile and take one foote away.
Rash boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?
We are the Mules prophets, none of thine.
That if thy Mother take Dianas bowe?
Shall Dian fannie when loue begins to glowe.
In wooddie groves ist meete that Ceres Raigne,
And quiuier bearing Dian till the plaine:
Whole set the faire treste sonne in battell ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harpe to play,
Great are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,
Ambitious Imp, why feckſt thou further charge?

Are all things thine ? the Muses tempe thine ?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harpe is mine.
When in this worke first verſe I trod aloft,
I slackt my Muse, and made my number loſt.
I haue no miftris, nor no fauorit,
Being fitteſt matter for a wanton wit,
Thus I complaind, but loue vnlockt his quiver,
Tooke out the shaft, ordaind my hart to ſhuuer :
And bent his ſinewy bow vpon his knee,
Saying, Poet heers a worke beſeeming thee.
Oh woe is me, he neuer ſhootes but hits,
I burne, loue in my idle boſome ſits.
Let my firſt ver'e be ſixe, my laſt ſuē ſeete,
Fare well Sterne warre, for blunter Poets ſeete.
El-gian Muse, that warbleſt amorous laies,
Girt my ſhame browe with lea banke wirtle praise.

C. Marlowe.

Amorum lib. I. Elegia 3.

ad amicum.

I aske but right let hit that caught me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may never hate:
I aske too much, would she but let me loue hit,
Loue knowes with such like praiers, I dayly moue hit
Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truthe:
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of knightly line.
Soone may you plow the little lands I haue,
I gladly graunt my parents giuen, to saue.
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
And Cupide who hath markt me for thy pray,
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods giue place,
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
I loue but one, and hit I loue change neuer,
If men haue Faith, Ile liue with thee for euer.
The yeares that fatall destenie shall giue,
Ile liue with thee, and die, or thou shalt greue,
Be thou the happie subiect of my Bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes:
By verses horned I got hit name,
And she to whom in shape of Bull loue came.
And she that on a faid Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false hornes with hit virgin hand:
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwaies sung.

Amorum lib. I. Elegia 5.
Corinne concubitus.

In summers heate, and midtime of the day,
To rest my limbes, vpon a bedde I lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gaue such light, as twincles in a wood,
Like twilight glimps at setting of the sunne,
Or night being past, and yet not day beganne,
Such light to shanefaste maidens must be showne,
Where they may sport, and seeme to be vndeowne
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,
Her white necke hid with tresses hanging downe,
Resembling faire Semiramis going to bed,
Or Layis of a thousand louers spread,
I snatched her gowne being thin, the barre was small
Yet striude she to be couered therewithall,
And striuing thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last,
Starke naked as she stood before mine eies,
Not one wen in her bodie could I spie,
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me,
How smoothe a bellie, vnder her waste sawe I,
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh,
To leauue the rest, all like me passing well,
I clinged her naked bodie, downe she fell,
Iudge you the rest, being tyrde she bad me kisse,
Ioue send me more such afternoones as this.

C. Marlow.

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 13.

Ad amicum si peccatura est, ut occulat peccata.

Seing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
But let not mee poore soule know of thy straying,
Nor do I give thee counsaile to liue chaste,
But that thou wouldest dissemble when tis paste,
She hath not trode awrie that doth denie it,
Such as confess, haue lost their good names by it,
What madnesse ist to tell night prankes by day,
Or hidden secrets openlie to bewray,
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the roome be cleere, and doore put too,
will you make shipwracke of your honest name,
And let the world be witnesse of the same:
Be more aduise, walke as a puritane,
And I shall thinkē you chaste do what you can,
Slippe still, onely denie it when it is done,
And before folke immodest speeches shunne,
The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,
There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete,
When you are vp and drest, be sage and graue,
And in the bed hide all the faults you haue,
Be not ashamed to strippē you being there,
And mingle thights, mine euer yours to beare,
There in your rosie lippes my tongue intombe,
Practise a thou sand sports when there you coine,

Forbare no wanton words you there would speake,
And with your pastime let the bedsted creake,
But with your robes,put on an honest face,
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace,
Deceiue all,let me erre, and thinke I am right,
And like a wittall thinke thee voyde of slight,
Why see I lines so oft receiude and giuen,
This bed, and that by tumbling made vneuen,
Like one it art vp your haire lost and displast,
And with a wantons tooth,your necke new raste,
Graunt this,that what you do I may not see,
If you wey not ill speeches,yet wey mee:
My soule fleetes when I thinke what you haue done,
And through cuerie vaine doth cold bloud runne,
Then thee whom I must loue I hate in vaine,
And would be dead,but dying,with thee remaine,
Ile not sift much, but hold thee soone excusde,
Say but thou wert injuriously accusde,
Though while the deede be doing you be tooke,
And I see when you ope the two leaude booke:
Sweare I was blinde,yeeld not,if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more then mine eies,
From him that yeelds the garland is quickly gor,
Teach but your tongue to say,I did it not,
And being iustified by two words, thinke
The cause acquits you not,but I that winke.

C.Marlow.

Amorum lib.2.Elegia 15.

Ad inuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENIE, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And tearmes our works fruits of an idle quill,
Or that vnlke the line from whence I come,
VVars dustie honors are refuled being yong,
Nor that I stude not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euerie cause.
Thy scope is mortall,mine eternall fame,
That all the wprld might euer chaunt my name.
Homer shall liue while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Symois shall slide.
Alcreus liues,while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corne downe fell,
For ever lasts high Sophocles proud vaine.
VVith sunne and moone Æratus shall remaine.
VWhile bond-men cheat,fathers hoord,bawds hoorish
And strumpets flatter,shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fames eternall legend writ.
VVhat age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And Iasons Argos, and the fleece of golde.
Loftie Lucretius shall liue that houre,
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bowre.
Æneas warre, and Titerus shall be read,
VWhile Rome of all the conquering world is head.

F

Till

Till Cupids bow, and fierie shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweete Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be knowne from East to West,
So shall Licorus whom he loued best:
Therefore when flint and yron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
Let Kings giue place to verse and kingly shewes,
The banks ore which gold bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceited wits, admire vilde things,
Faire Phœbus leade me to the Muses springs.
About my head be quivering Mirtle wound,
And in sad louers heads let me be found.
The liuing, not the dead can enuie bite,
For after death all men receiue their right:
Then though death rackes my bones in funerall fier,
He liue, and as he puls me downe, mount higher.

Amorum.lib.I.Elegia.13.

Ad auroram ne properet.

Now on the sea from her old loue comes shee,
That drawes the day frō heauens cold axeltree.
Aurora whither slideſt thou? downe againe,
And birds from Memnon yearly ſhall be flaine.
Now in her tender armes I sweetly bideſt,
If euer, now well lies ſhe by my ſide.
The aire is colde, and ſleepe is sweetest now,
And birds ſend forth ſhrill notes from euerie bow.
Whither runſt thou, that men, and women, loue not?
Hold in thy rosie horses that they moue not.
Ere thou riſe ſtarres teach ſeamen whereto ſaile,
But when thou comest they of their courses faile.
Poore trauailers though tierd, riſe at thy ſight,
And ſouldiours make them ready to the ſight,
The painfull Hind by thee to field is ſent,
Slow oxen early in the yoake are pent.
Thou cooziest boyes of ſleepe, and doſt betray them
To Pedants, that with cruell lashes pay them.
Thou makſte the ſuretie to the lawyer runne,
That with one worde hath nigh himſelfe vndone,
The lawier and the client both do hate thy view,
Both whom thou raifeſt vp to toyle anew.
By thy meaneſ women of their reſt are bard,
Thou ſcutſt their labouring hands to ſpin and card.

This could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
VVho can indure, saue him with whom none lies?
How oft wisht I night would not giue thee place,
Nor morning starres shunne thy vprising face.
How oft, that either wind would breake thy coche,
Or steeds might fal forcd with thick clouds approch.
VVhither gost thou hateful nymph? Memnon the else
Received his cole-blacke colour from thy selfe.
Say that thy loue with Cæphalus were not knowne,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.
VVould Tithon might but talke of thee a while,
Not one in heauen should be more base and vile.
Thou leau' st his bed, because hees faint through age,
And early mountest thy hatefull carriage:
But hadst thou in thine armes some Cæphalus,
Then wouldest thou cry stay night and runne not thus.
Punish ye me, because yeates make him waine,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.
The Moone sleepes with Endemion euerie day,
Thou art as faire as shee, then kisse and play.
Ioue that thou shouldest not hast but wait his leasure,
Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
I chid no more, she blusht, and therfore heard me,
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me:

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 4.

Quod amet mulieres, Cuiuscunque forme sint.

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or iustifie my vices being many,
For I confesse, if that might merite fauour,
Heere I display my lewd and loose behauour,
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne:
Oh how the burden irkes, that we should shun,
I cannot rule my selfe but where loue please,
And driuen like a ship vpon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces moue,
A hundred reasons makes me euer loue.
If any eie mee with a modest looke,
I blushe, and by that blusfull glasse am tooke:
And she that's coy I like, for being no clowne,
Me thinkes she should be nimble when shees downe,
Though her sowre looks a sabins brow resemble,
I thinke sheele doe, but deepeley can dissemble,
If she be learned, then for her skill I craue her,
If not, because shees simple I wou'd haue her,
Before Calimecus one preferres me farre,
Seeing she likes my bookes, why should we iarr?
Another railles at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man,

And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long,
To quauer on her lippes euen in her song,
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not loue those hands for their swift run-
And she I like that with a maiestie, (ning,
Foldes vp her armes, and makes low curtesie,
To leauue my selfe, that am in loue withall,
Some one of these might make the chaste fall,
If she be tall, shes like an amazon,
And therefore fillesthe bed the lies vpon,
If short, she lies the rounder to speake troth,
Both short and long please me, for I loue both:
If her white necke be shadowe with blacke haire,
VVhy so was Ledas, yet was Leda faire,
Yellow trest is shes, then on the morne thinke I,
My loue alludes to euerie historie:
A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her woman-hood:
Nay what is she that any Romane loues,
But my ambitious ranging mind approoves?

Ainorum lib. 2. Elegia 10.

*Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore
duas amet.*

G Recinus (well I wot) thou touldst me once,
I could not be in loue with twoo at once,
By thee deceiued, by thee surprisde am I,
For now I loue two women e quallic:
Both are wel fauoured, both rich in array,
Which is the louelijest it is hard to say:
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to mee,
This doth please me most, and so doth she,
Euen as a boate, tost by contrarie winde,
So with this loue, and that wauers my minde,
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench inough to greeue my heart?
Why addst thou starres to heauen, leaues to greene
And to the deep vast sea fresh water flouds? (woods,
Yet this is better farre then lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies haue none,
Yea, let my foes sleepe in an emptie bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft loue rowse vp my drowsie eies,
And from my mistir is bosc me let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweete loues delight
If one can doote, if not, two euerie night,
Though I am slender, I haue store of pith,

Nor want I strength, but weight to press her with:
Pleasure addes fuel to my lustfull fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft haue I spent the night in wantonnesse,
And in the morne beene lively nerethelesse,
Hees happie who loues mutuall skirmish slayes,
And to the Gods for that death Ouid prayes,
Let souldiour chase his enemies amaine,
And with his bloud eternall honour gaine,
Let marchants seeke wealth with periured lips,
And being wrackt, carowse the sea tir'd by their shippes
But when I die, would I might droope with doing,
And in the midst thereof, let my soule going,
That at my funeralles some may weeping crie,
Euen as he led his life, so did he die.

Amorum

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire
non potuit conqueritur.*

EIther she was soule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wisht t'haue had,
Idly I lay with her, as if I loude her not,
And like a burden grecude the bed that mooued not,
Though both of vs performid our true intent,
Yet could I not cast ancor where I meant,
Shee on my necke her Iuorie armes did throw,
That were as white as is the echihean snow,
And egerlie she kist me with her tongue,
And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flong,
Yea, and she soothde me vp, and calde me sir,
And vsde all speech that might prouoke and stirre,
Yet like as if cold hemlocke I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung down the head and luncke,
Like a dull Cipher, or rude blocke I lay,
Or shad, or bddy was I? who can say,
VVhat will my age doage I cannot shunne,
Seeing in my prime my force is spent and done,
I blush, and being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I prove neither youth nor man, but olde and rustie,
Pure rose shee, like a Nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies,
Yet boorded I the golden Chie twise,

And Libas, and the white cheek'de Pitho thrise,
Corinna craude it in a summers night,
And nine sweete bouts had we before day light,
what wast my limbs through some Thesalian charms,
May spelles and droughs do sillie soules such harmes?
With virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts,
And pierst my huer with sharpe needle poynts,
Chatines change corne to grasse, and makes it dye,
By charmes are running springs and fountaines dric,
By charms maste drops from okes, from vines grapes
And fruit from trees, when thier's no wind at al (fall,
Why might not then my sinews be inchanting,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted,
To this ad shame, shame to performe it quaid mee,
And was the second cause why vigor failde mee:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthful pilius fire,
And Tithon liuelier then his yeeres require,
Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I craue more if I aske againe,
I thinke the great Gods greeued they had bestowde
this benefite, which lewdly I forflowd:
I wylt to be receiued in, and in I got me,
to kisse, I kisse, to lie with her shee let me,
Why was I blest? why made king? and refusde it,
Chuf-like had I not gold, and could not vse it,
So in a spring thriues he that told so muchi,
And lookes vpon the fruits he cannot touch,

Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
As she might straight haue gone to church & prайд:
VWell, I beleue she kist not as she shold,
Nor vsde the slight nor cunning which she could,
Huge okes, hard Adamantes night she haue moued,
And with sweete words cause deafe rockes to haue
VWorthy she was to moue both Gods & men (loued
But neither was I man, nor liued then,
Can deafe yeares take delight when Phemius sings,
Or Thamaris in curious painted things,
VWhat sweete thought is there but I had the same,
And one gaue place still as another came?
yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drouping more then a Rose puld yesterday:
Now when he shold not iette, he boults vpright,
And craues his taske, and seekes to be at fight,
Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,
Seeing now thou wouldst deceiue me as before:
Thou cousendst mee, by thee surprizde am I,
And bide sore losse, with endleſſe infamie,
Nay more, the wench did not disdaine a whit,
To take it in her hand and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no meanes stand,
But still droupt downe regarding not her hand,
VWhy mockſt thou me she cried, or being ill,
VWho bad thee lie downe here against thy will?
Either that witcht with blood of frogs new dead,
Or iaded camſt thou from some others bed.
VWith that her loose gowne on from me she cast her

In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her,
And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
To couer it, spilt water in the place.

Amorum lib. I. Elegia 2.

*Quod primo Amore correptus, in triumphum
duci se à Cupidine patiatur.*

WHat makes my bed seem hard seeing it is soft?
Or why slip, downe the Couerlet so oft?
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were loue the cause, it's like I shoulde descry him,
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spie him.
T'was so he stroke me with a slender dart,
Tis cruell loue turmoyles my captiuue hart.
yelding or striung doe we giue him might
I ets yeeld, a burden easly borne is light.
I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,
Which being not shakt, I saw it die at length.
yong oxen newly yokt are beaten more,
Then oxen which haue drawne the plow before.
And rough iades mouths with stui burn bits are borne

But managde horses heads are lightly borne,
Vnwilling Louers, loue doth more torment,
Then such as in their bondage feele content.
Loe ! confesse, I am thy captiue I,
And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.
What needes thou warre, sue to thee for grace,
With armes to conquer armlesse men is base,
Yoke Venus Doves, put Mirtle on thy haire,
Vulcan will give thee Chariots rich and faire.
the people thee applauding thou shalte stand,
Guiding the harmlesse Pigeons with thy hand.
Yong men and women, shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphis see me magnificall,
I lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captiue like be manacled and bound.
Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their backe,
thee all shall feare and worship as a King,
Io. triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, feare and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troopes hath always bin on Cupids side :
thou with these souldiers conquerest gods and men,
take these away, where is thy honor then?
thy mother shall from heauen applaud this show,
And on their faces heapes of Roles strow.
With beautie of thy wings, thy faire haire guilded,
Ride golden loue in Chariots richly builded.
Vnlesse I erre full many shalt thou burne,
And giue woundes infinite at euerie turne.

In spite of thee, forth will thy arrowes flie,
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So hawing conquerd Inde, was Bacchus hew,
Thee Pompous birds and him two tygres drew.
Then seeing I grace thy shew in following thee,
Forbeare to haue thy selfe in spoyleing mee.
Beholde thy kinsmans Cæsars prosperous bandes,
Whogatdes thee conquered with his conquering
(hands.

FINIS.



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